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# THE JOURNAL OF A NEGLECTED BULL DOG









The only absolutely sure  
way to keep a man's  
heart is to give it  
back to him

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# *The Journal of a* **NEGLECTED BULL DOG**

 Being   
Impressions of His Master's  
Love Affairs

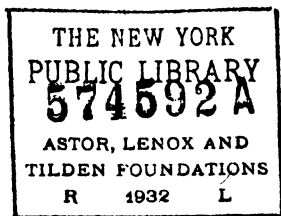
*by*  
**BARBARA BLAIR**

*Drawings by*  
**EUGENE A. FURMAN**

  
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1911

**THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY**

**DEDICATED TO**

**CATS I HAVE CHASED**

**—THE BULL DOG**

31X.685



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## **CHAPTER I**

**THE DOG PATS HIS MASTER ON THE  
SHOULDER AND ENTERS A FEW GROWLS  
AGAINST THE GIRL**



# THE JOURNAL OF A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

## CHAPTER I

THE DOG PATS HIS MASTER ON THE  
SHOULDER AND ENTERS A FEW GROWLS  
AGAINST THE GIRL

MY MASTER named me Little Slam, because he says I usually take all the tricks but the one I am playing for. Most people are in a hurry, however, and so I am generally called Slam.

There is a slight coolness at present between my Master and myself. I am not quite sure, however, that my Master

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is conscious of it. Indeed, he does not appear to be conscious of anything any more but the Girl. For of course it is a girl who has caused him to neglect me. The girls have always taken my Master around a good bit and seem very fond of him, much as I have tried to discourage their attentions. He is a good-looking chap, my Master is, straight and long limbed, with a pair of shoulders the Lord gave him and that he doesn't owe to any tailor. So many men owe their shoulders to their tailors, and sometimes too they owe their tailors for their shoulders; and very often the broader the shoulders, the longer their tailors wait. There are a great many things in

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this world which require a little padding; the conversations at a social function; the excuses of a married man, and the vows of a lover; but I don't believe in padding either a man's credit or his shoulders.

That isn't my Master, however. There are no duplicate bills in *his* desk. He pays everything but old scores, and he has no time to bother about them.

The Lord made him and he did the rest. Neither his shoulders nor his talents have been neglected; boxing-gloves, oars and a punching-bag developed the one, and will power, necessity and a few hard knocks strengthened the other.



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Yes, he is a good-looking chap, all right. He has a really beautiful nose (I am told he is a bit conceited about his nose); an excellent mouth, which can be stern and forbidding, or tender and whimsical, as my Master pleases; very white teeth, almost as strong as mine, and a good bit of MY look about his mouth and chin. People have often commented upon the resemblance between us. I have noticed it myself.

He has dark, fearless eyes (I am not quite sure as to their color; sometimes I think they are gray, sometimes brown, and once or twice, I have thought they were dark blue) and he walks as if Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan had sent

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for him, and were anxiously waiting for him to come and advise them, and he was going to do HIS best to get the poor little chaps out of their difficulty.

And I say, the way he can turn a pretty girl's head—turn it to the best kissable angle—is a caution; or perhaps I should say, an indiscretion. The language of these humans is so complicated.

Wherever my Master has been there have always been girls; but now it is much more serious, for there is only ONE girl. Queer how much more dangerous one girl is than a dozen girls! I never had a good head for figures (though my master has a very good eye for them) but it would seem to me if one

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girl is alluring, twelve girls would be twelve times as alluring. But this only applies to the first row in the orchestra.

This is such a little girl that it is difficult for me to understand how she could have such a remarkable effect upon a big, brave, clever man like my Master. She doesn't interest *me*. I don't believe she is pretty nor attractive. Indeed, I am sure she is not, for I have heard several women deny it. These are some of the remarks I have heard:

"My dear, what DOES he see in her?"

"He thinks her quite wonderful. Isn't it TOO absurd?"

"I really believe he thinks her beautiful. Isn't it ridiculous?"

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“How droll! She has rather a pleasant face, but she is so inane. I find her very tiresome.”

“She is really stupid, dear. You can say the most spite—insult—I mean make the most personal remarks to her, and she never even *sees* them. It is *so* annoying to insult a person and then have her smile at you in a sweet, stupid way, and not even see it—I mean—well, *you* know what I mean, dear.”

So you see I was right about her. I have sniffed her pretty thoroughly myself, but all I could smell was chocolates and violets.

Nothing substantial about her. I suppose I shall have to be civil to her,

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however. You see with him, it's a case of "Love me, love my girl." Or perhaps I should say, "Love my girls," for by the time I have succeeded in overcoming my aversion to one, I look up and see another. It is really very confusing.

## CHAPTER II

SLAM FINDS THAT IN MANY WAYS HIS  
MASTER'S CHARACTER IS STRIKINGLY  
LIKE HIS OWN



## CHAPTER II

SLAM FINDS THAT IN MANY WAYS HIS  
MASTER'S CHARACTER IS STRIKINGLY  
LIKE HIS OWN

It is not only in our looks that we resemble each other. I find that my Master has many of my most striking characteristics. Oppose him and he can be as dangerous as I am. Try to take from him something which he wants, and he can hang on to it with all my ardor and determination. The only force that can loosen his grip on an object is the realization that the object is not trying



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to get away, and that no one wants to take it from him. Once he is sure of this, he drops it as I do, in a pained disgust, and has no further interest in it.

I wonder if the Girl knows this? I wonder if that is why she encourages the attentions of other men, or is it because she really enjoys their society? It is impossible for me to determine. She seems very fond of the Man, and yet of late I have heard her speak of this other man more than once. I have, too, seen her look at him in a way I didn't like, —a surprised, arrested look, as if she had become suddenly aware of his attractions—indeed, almost the way the Man looks at her sometimes. I don't like it;

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I should like to tell my Master about it. I don't think his tactics are good either. It doesn't seem to me the best line to take. I wonder if she is drifting away from him? It worries me a little. I don't want her to.

Yes, my Master is a good deal like me. The Girl can coax him into doing everything she wants; but she can't **MAKE** him do anything. If she tries to, my Master and I are on the wrong side of her front door before I am fully awake, and going up the street at a gait very different from my usual dignified one.

For those nice, clever, discriminating people, who pat me on the head, make pleasant remarks about my personal ap-

## THE JOURNAL OF A

pearance, and observe that they have never known a bulldog to equal me in intelligence and charm, there are few things I wouldn't do.

But those unpleasant people, who say to me: "Now look here, you've GOT to do this," have never succeeded in making me do it. All I hang onto then is my resolve NOT to do it.

My Master is quite serious this time. He is really very anxious to marry the Girl. I strongly suspect that the principal reason is because she doesn't want to marry anybody. She wants her LIBERTY and a CAREER. I'm not quite sure what the latter is, but I was under the impression it was something

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a woman wanted when she couldn't get anything else. This is an opinion held by the majority of people on the subject of careers, but I have concluded it is an erroneous one. You would be really surprised—particularly if you are a man—if you knew how many charming and interesting women there are in the world who really do prefer a career to a husband.

The Girl told my Master she was married to her Art. Therefore, my Master is doing his best to divorce her from it and marry her himself. If he thought she was trying to marry *him*—well, I can't say what he would do then, but I have my suspicions.

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Funny, isn't it, how nervous the word **MATRIMONY** makes the average man? He walks by all the matrimonial cages set for him with anxious eyes and hurried footsteps. If, perchance, he does look within the alluring cage, and sees that the woman inside smiles and holds the door invitingly open for him, then the man jams his hat down over his eyes and **RUNS**.

But if the door is open, and a glance convinces him that the woman is **NOT** waiting for him, then he creeps fearfully nearer. Where can she be? What is she doing? And to whom is she talking? Is it possible that she is interested in another man? His eyes flash angrily



"The dear girl  
is so  
domestic"



## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

and his lips set determinedly. He peers inside cautiously. He is greeted perhaps by some interested relative. "No, Helen is not here. She has so many engagements; she is so popular; the dear girl is really not permitted to rest a moment. Isn't that a quaint little book-rack? Yes, Harry sent her that and Tom sent her the flowers and Dick sent her most of the books. Perhaps she is in the kitchen. The dear girl is *so* domestic and makes the most delicious cakes and pies. Let's take a peep. It would be such fun to surprise her."

The interested relative steers him to the kitchen. A rapt expression steals over his face as he notes the orderly array



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of glittering pots and pans, the neat little maid, and sniffs the delicious fragrance which comes steaming from the mysterious looking things cooking on the stove. No, Helen is not here. "Perhaps, then, she is in her study. The dear girl is so clever, so talented, there really isn't anything that she cannot do."

The interested relative takes him upstairs. He follows her with eager eyes and a wildly beating heart. One glance at that kitchen convinces him that THIS girl could make him happy. The interested relative and he surprise the girl in a sunny and artistic little studio. She is at a desk writing

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

a letter. There is a happy smile on her lips and an absorbed expression in her eyes. She doesn't **APPEAR** to know that he is on the face of the earth. He instantly determines that she shall not care whether anyone else is on the earth or not.

Perhaps he proposes to her then and perhaps she refuses him. His lips set doggedly and his eyes get ugly like mine. He makes up his mind then and there that she **SHALL** marry him.

After that he bangs on her door with both fists, metaphorically of course, until she lets him in; perhaps because she had also determined that he should marry her, or perhaps for the sake of peace and

## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

the desire to be troubled by him no further.

Once inside the Cage, however, he becomes restless and uneasy, unless the door is always open and he knows he can go in and out as often as he pleases. Knowing this, he will probably settle down contentedly with the evening papers.

But if every time he starts to go out, he feels a LEASH pulling him back, then it makes him as wild as my leash makes me. He growls and shows his teeth and prances madly at the other end of the leash, straining every muscle in his body to break it.

Yes, we are pretty much alike.

## **CHAPTER III**

### **SLAM COMMENTS ON THE TACTLESSNESS OF TOO MUCH TACT**



## CHAPTER III

### SLAM COMMENTS ON THE TACTLESSNESS OF TOO MUCH TACT

I AM perhaps not so tactful as I should be. I fear, indeed, there is very little of this quality in MY disposition. However, I usually get what I want, and am able to HANG onto it when I do get it. It will not, I think, be disputed that this is the main element of success.

In MY opinion, however, it is doubtful whether tact is always the desirable quality it is supposed to be. It necessitates such a circuitous route to the ob-

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ject in view, and wastes so much valuable time.

Personally, as soon as I see anything I want, I go for it. I don't run down a lot of bypaths and try to convince a number of unnecessary people that it is best for all concerned that I should have what I want. If, for example, I desire to insert my teeth in the white, cotton-clad ankle of an excitable old lady, I do not first conciliate all the old lady's relatives, and try to make them see that I am the bulldog for the business. Not at all. I make straight for the old lady. In most cases her relatives are open to conviction without any effort on my part.

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My plan has always been to point my nose in the right direction, keep my own counsel, and make a quick get-away with the coveted object. The best time to let other people know what you want is when you have a firm grip on it.

Sometimes, I, as well as those cleverer and better than myself, have been caught in a trap devised by some tricky human; but I have never yet been in any trap that I have not succeeded in getting out of; and even a trap can be made to serve your ends if you will. And the dog whose mouth has once been muzzled, when he bites again, makes sure of two things; that he has his teeth in the *right* object, and that he *keeps* them there,



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until the squirming victim, and not himself, is punished.

Life is too short for the exercise of much diplomacy and tact; and in my opinion, there is such a thing as too much tact.

Once I knew two men who were making a hard fight for the same girl. One was a tactful man and the other a man of MY disposition. The tactful man spent the time in which he should have been courting the girl, in cultivating the society of her mother; getting on the right side of a maiden aunt; winning over a refractory small brother; and making a bid for MY favor.

The man who was like ME attended

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strictly to business. While the Tactful Man was listening with a respectful interest to the difficulty of keeping servants, and the careless way other women brought up their children, as related by the girl's mother; while he was showing a feverish anxiety in the details of the Mothers' Meeting, the spinster aunt had just attended; while he was mending the small brother's kite and patting me on the head, the Other Man had his arm around the girl's waist in a dark corner of the piazza, and was telling her that he loved her as man never loved before, and that he had never given a thought to another woman.

Finally, the Tactful Man decided it

## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

was about time to pay some attention to the girl. But one afternoon, while he was standing in a heap of discarded vests and ties, which he had feverishly been trying on in a mad endeavor to find the most becoming, he received the announcement cards of the girl's marriage to the Other Man.

Moral—Remember it isn't the girl's family you are going to marry, but the girl herself. Spend a little time in courting HER.

## CHAPTER IV.

SLAM DISCUSSES A SMILE—THE GIRL'S  
SMILE



## CHAPTER IV

### SLAM DISCUSSES A SMILE—THE GIRL'S SMILE

STRANGE, isn't it, that it usually takes a fool to make a fool—of a man? Think of a clever, brainy man like my Master neglecting an intelligent and gifted bulldog like myself for such a silly girl. Why, she doesn't know ANYTHING—or if she does, she is careful not to let anyone else know it. She never says anything sensible, though I grant you, she can chatter in an amusing enough

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way,—amusing, that is, for a woman. But her conversation doesn't appeal to ME. Some people may like that sort of thing, but I don't.

As for my Master—well, the first time she smiled on him, he went down like the last tenpin hit by the ball of an expert.

It is remarkable the things she can make him do with that smile. She doesn't say much at these times, she just looks up in his eyes and smiles,—and well, the smile does the rest.

She has a large assortment of smiles. When she turns her dreamy smile on him, I have seen him sigh and tremble and grow pale. Absurd, I call it. I can

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show my teeth and growl savagely and he doesn't even notice it.

If the Girl frowns or looks as if she were going to cry, my Master just laughs at her and calls her "Baby." It is when she smiles at him, that he seems to be afraid of her.

Odd, that a smile should have such a remarkable effect upon him, isn't it? *My* smiles don't.

I must say she can smile in more ways in less time than any girl I ever saw, and being my Master's dog, I have met a good many girls—indeed almost all of his girls.

She has a dreamy smile and a merry smile, a rebuking smile and an innocent



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smile, a sarcastic smile and a haughty smile, a teasing smile and a loving smile.

My Master, to be sure, does not call them by these names. To him they are all "adorable" and "bewitching."

To-day she said to my Master:

"Don't you think, dear, Bob is very interesting?" (Innocent smile.)

"No," said my Master, in a voice very much like mine, "I DON'T."

"He has such adorable eyes. Don't you just love his eyes?" (Dreamy smile.)

"That is the second time you have told me about Bob's eyes," growled my Master. "It seems to me you are thinking a good deal about Bob lately."

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“I have mentioned him several times, haven’t I? I wonder—” (Questioning smile.)

“There is no doubt in my mind that you care a good deal more for him than you do for me.”

“Why, surely, dear, you are not jealous?” (Rebuking smile.)

“Jealous? Of COURSE not. Absurd! As if I could be jealous of an insufferable bore, a conceited idiot, a brainless, vapid, empty, INTOLERABLE little saphead like Bob.”

Gr-gr-gr-grrrrrr—I couldn’t have done it better myself.

“Why, everyone says he is so clever. He is the most popular man I know.

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And he has such charming manners. He is so gentle, and always speaks so well of everyone. And you know, dear, his eyes ARE attractive. When he looks at you in that pleading way, I must confess I"—(Eloquent pause, dreamy smile.)

My Master sprang to his feet, his eyes wild. I sprang to mine, and stood by his side, my teeth showing and my hair bristling.

"How wonderfully alike you two look." (Teasing smile.)

"You are a wretched little flirt," cried my Master.

"Gr-gr-gr-grrrrr," I growled.

"Oh, Jack," (Pained smile.) "Why,

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

Jack, I really *couldn't* flirt, even if I tried. That is my greatest fault—”

“Quite so,” snapped Master.

“Gr-grrr,” I said savagely.

“You mean it is my greatest fault that I ALWAYS say exactly what I mean? Jack, dear, you know this?” (Pleading smile.)

“I wish I could think so,” said my Master, “but—”

I lay down again.

“You *must* think so, you dear boy. Please don't be horrid any more, Jack. If you knew how unhappy you make me when you are—” (Loving smile.)

I didn't hear any more until my Master said “Good-night,” an hour later.



## CHAPTER V

SLAM EXPRESSES HIS OLD AVERSION FOR  
NEW THOUGHT



## **CHAPTER V**

**SLAM EXPRESSES HIS OLD AVERSION FOR  
NEW THOUGHT**



## THE JOURNAL OF A

time gain the coveted reward." No doubt this is true. The only trouble is that if it takes too *much* time, the reward is no longer coveted.

However, I must confess that nothing whets my appetite like an "obstacle." I cannot rest until I get my teeth in it.

I learn also that one should cultivate "a cheerful and optimistic disposition, which refuses to be cast down by apparent failure."

Perhaps one *should*, but I notice very few people DO. And the people who *practise* the teachings of New Thought are not the ones who wear the old clothes. It is very easy to be cheerful about another person's failure and opti-

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

mistic about his future success, but when it comes to your own—that's another story. Try it sometime. There is nothing which embitters like failure and hardens one's heart like poverty. I believe some chap, perhaps he was one of these New Thought fellows, I think his name was Shakespeare, said once,

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

Well, a man's enemies may find his adversity “sweet,” but I doubt if the man himself does. And if I were a woman, I would rather wear my precious jewels around my neck than in my head.

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The latter may bring the former some day, but by that time, I guess the poor woman will be too weary with the struggle, and made too unlovely by it, to care anything about jewels.

And whenever I see a really "cheerful and optimistic" man, he is usually sitting up in a luxurious limousine, with a fat cigar in his mouth, and possessing a well-groomed rotundity of figure which speaks well for both his tailor and his chef.

The man in the shabby coat with the frayed cuffs and the celluloid collar *may* be cheerful and optimistic, but not so's you could notice it.

I learn also from New Thought that

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“an insulated nervous system allays irritability.” Neither can I agree with this. No one I am sure could have a better “insulated nervous system” than I have, and yet I have found that it frequently promotes irritability in others, and especially in the man on whose trouser leg I have set my mind and my teeth.

The teachers of New Thought advise us to “study personalities.” They say we should “make an endeavor to sense the inner man of those we meet, noticing the impressions made upon us, and symbolizing our sensations to develop a psychic sense.”

I always study personalities—sniff

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them thoroughly. A strange personality draws me with an irresistible lure. But it has seemed to me that the "impressions" were made not upon me, but upon the "inner man," and indeed, I have always had strong reason to believe that the "sensations" were also his.

Perhaps I am not sufficiently psychic.

But I don't believe the sensations of these humans amount to much. Are they indeed capable of a real emotion? Most of them seem to have water in their veins instead of good red blood. To me their feelings are so colorless, their little loves and hates such pale weak travesties of emotion, that they have always bored me excessively. *They* never

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know the joy of burying their teeth in an alien leg, and hanging on like grim death, while the victim yells for mercy and a mob of men and small boys stand around, shout excitedly, bang you on the nose and pull your legs nearly off. Sometimes I have been lifted bodily in the air with nearly a dozen people trying to pull me away from my shrieking victim, but they couldn't loosen my grip until my Master came and called me off.

New Thought is an excellent thing for the young man in love IF he takes it in homeopathic doses. All you have to do is to want what you want **HARD** enough, and you will get it—**PERHAPS**. And any man who doesn't want

## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

a girl hard enough to win her, deserves to lose her.

All you need, Young-man-in-love, is **FAITH** in yourself—**ENOUGH** faith—and you are sure to win out. Now isn't that **NICE** and **COMFORTING**? Even if you don't get the girl, just think how happy you have been while *thinking* you would.

Personally, however, I should advise a young man **VERY** much in love to "hold this thought" **ONLY** while he is holding the girl.

For if he persist in "holding the thought" **WITHOUT** the girl—well, some other man may embrace his lost opportunity—to say nothing of the girl.

## **CHAPTER VI**

### **SLAM GROWLS ABOUT KISSING**





## CHAPTER VI

### SLAM GROWLS ABOUT KISSING

MINE is not a personality which can be easily ignored. As a rule, people always know when I am around. There have been those, however, who did not discover my presence in time—in time to avoid the impression I made.

My manner, no doubt, is at times almost *too* impressive, but these two don't mind me any more than they do the tables and chairs in the room. Not so much I fancy, for I notice when my Master and I leave, the Girl is always

## THE JOURNAL OF A

careful to pry apart the two chairs they have been using, and put about twenty feet between them. What do you suppose she does *that* for? Why don't they save themselves the trouble and use *one* chair?

This evening my Master kissed the Girl for the first time. At least it was the first time *I* had seen him do it. Not the first time I have seen him kiss a girl. Oh, my, no!

He did it pretty badly for a man who has had so much practice. I thought he was going to flunk altogether at first, but the kiss finally landed on the tip of her nose. It was a very amateurish performance. I felt quite ashamed of him.

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

The Girl, however, seemed to think it all right. Perhaps she didn't know any better. If she had known the really finished work he *can* do, I dare say she would not have looked so happy.

That kiss annoyed me. I have never encouraged my Master's flirtations—though most of the girls we meet do—and I didn't think he should flirt with this Girl; so I got up and stalked back and forth in front of them, and showed my teeth and growled a bit at my Master.

Then I saw him slip a ring on the Girl's finger, so I concluded it was all right, and I settled down heavily on the Girl's skirt, so she couldn't get away.

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He seemed so nervous and incompetent.  
He *needed* help.

The next time he kissed her, which was about twenty seconds later, he did it much better. This time the kiss reached its proper destination.

Strange the pleasure these humans appear to derive from kissing, isn't it? I cannot understand it *myself*. Can it be because no one has ever tried to kiss *me*?

What's in a kiss anyhow? So far as I can make out,—and my opinion is based entirely upon the observation of others,—a kiss is composed of a gentle sigh, a hurried glance over the shoulder, the two sentences, "Oh, you mustn't," and "Please, dear," and the eager meet-



Everybody likes kisses  
except small boys, old  
maids--who don't get  
any--and babies--who  
get too many.



## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

ing of two pairs of lips which part reluctantly only when their owners apparently find it necessary to breathe. Everybody seems to like kisses, except small boys, old maids—who don't get any—and babies—who get too many.

I once heard a learned Professor, with a bald head and a peagreen complexion, tell my Master that a kiss contained microbes, and that he never kissed anyone because he didn't consider it safe. And my Master slapped him on the back, which almost landed the learned Professor on his learned nose, and told him to go ahead and see how many girls he could kiss—that he would find it perfectly safe.



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My Master says that the most dangerous microbe that any kiss is liable to contain is the microbe of love; that once the system is inoculated with this germ, it is very difficult to get it out, especially in the summer. I don't suppose my Master will ever get it out of his system—same old germ, "but quite another girl."

My Master later told the learned Professor that perhaps after all he was right; a kiss was *not* safe—many an engagement and even *matrimony* itself had been known to result from a harmless and well-meaning kiss.

I heard an old lady tell the Girl that in *her* day no self-respecting young

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woman allowed herself to be kissed before marriage. But she was a camphory and linimenty old lady, and I wouldn't take any too much stock in her opinions. I would advise the engaged and self-respecting young woman of to-day to take no chances. Let him kiss you before he marries you, my dear. It is better to be kissed and married than never to have been kissed at all.



## CHAPTER VII

SLAM IS PUZZLED BY TWO LETTERS HIS  
MASTER RECEIVES



## CHAPTER VII

### SLAM IS PUZZLED BY TWO LETTERS HIS MASTER RECEIVES

MY MASTER has such curious ideas sometimes. It is very difficult for me to understand him. Recently he received a letter from the Girl, which was really insulting, and yet it seemed to please him very much.

This is the way the letter read:

*“Dear Jack:*

“I am returning your presents and your letters. The relief you will doubt-

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less feel at this happy culmination of our most unhappy engagement is only equaled by my own profound gratitude that I learned before it was too late the manner of man to whom I had entrusted my future happiness.

"It is, I think, obvious, that a man whose affections are so unstable, and whose vanity is so easily flattered that each new face attracts his attention, leaving him fluttering like a weather-vane gone wrong in every bevy of pretty girls he meets, is not the man to make any woman happy.

"You will regard this decision as final and make no effort to see me. Everything is over between us. This is indeed the end.

"MILDRED."

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I had thrust my head under my Master's arm to read this letter and now I looked up sorrowfully in his face.

To my surprise he was chuckling to himself. Was he really glad that she had thrown him over?

Then he turned to me.

"I thought that would bring her Ladyship around, Slam. You see she has been flirting a bit too much with Chester, and Chester is too confoundedly good-looking a chap to take any chances with, so, last week, I sat out three dances with Peggy Brown and sent Polly Morris a ten-pound box of chocolates."

I believe matters were satisfactorily adjusted—for the usual length of time



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—but I am sure I don't know how.

They are too much for me, these humans, I don't pretend to understand 'em.

To-day we received another letter from the Girl.

My Master's reception of it was so amazing, and his rage so terrific, that though my hair bristled in sympathy, I was utterly at a loss to account for his remarkable attitude.

This is the way that one read:

*"Dear, dear Jack:*

*"How can I tell you the sad, sad truth? It cannot, I am sure, give you any more pain than it does me.*

*"Jack, dear, I must ask you to release*

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

me from our engagement. It is all a fatal mistake. There is no one, dear boy, for whom I have a deeper respect, a higher regard, a profounder sympathy, and a more sincere friendship than I have for you, but alas, I no longer love you. Love is dead within my heart, and it is in vain that I try to rekindle the old ashes.

“Believe me, dear boy, when I say that I shall always take a SISTER’S interest in your welfare.

“MILDRED.”

Now wasn’t that a beautiful letter? Can you see why it should anger my Master? I declare it brought tears to even MY eyes.

Yet my Master crumpled it in a ball,

## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

hit me on the nose with it, tore his hair, and began dancing around the room, and crying—but no! no self-respecting bulldog could use such language. My Master's proficiency in it quite surprised me.

It seems he had tried the Peggy-Polly policy again, and this time it DIDN'T work. It was a whole week before we saw the Girl again.

Poor humans! What a time they do have to be sure.

## **CHAPTER VIII**

**HE DISCUSSES THE HIGHER ATTRIBUTES  
OF MAN**

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by the fact that many of you have much less character than a dog.

Few are they among you who stick by their friends through poverty and disgrace as *we* do. Many of you lack the dignity and good breeding of the big Dane who goes calmly on his way without losing either his poise or his temper.

Few of you possess the self-sacrificing loyalty of the Newfoundland, who will always risk his life to save that of his Master.

And not many of you show my tenacity and concentration of purpose. You may pursue the coveted object with a zest and energy equal to mine, but

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when it comes to *holding on* to it, your grip is seldom so firm as mine.

And even Fido has a more affectionate disposition that some of you can claim.

Of course we are only poor dumb animals, but it does seem as if dignity, will power, self-sacrifice, loyalty and fidelity were qualities not to be despised by even a MAN.

I say, you lords of creation, if I were a man, I'd *be* one. Some chap called Darwin says you were all monkeys once. Well, evolution has done a lot for some of you. Why don't you try to do something for *evolution*? Some of you seem to think you can lay it aside now

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like a cloak which has become shabby and worn, and that that chap Darwin can expect nothing further from you. Well, that cloak "covers a multitude of sins" still. I wouldn't discard it just yet.

Why don't those of you who *are* men, try to be men of a type so much higher, so much bigger and better than the world has ever known before, that if the shade of Mr. Darwin came back, he would have some reason to be proud of his theory.

Some of you remind me of the monkeys in the Zoo, hanging by their tails from the rods in their cages and trying to bump their heads on the floor.

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In other words, you appear to be making a strong effort to reverse the theory of evolution. Instead of aiming for the stars, you seem to have your eyes fixed on the nearest mud puddle, over which you swing, until you can land neatly in the middle of it, and are anxious only to reassume as many of your former traits as possible.

And as for being *square*, there are hosts of you who aren't as square as a little round ball of a French poodle. There is not a dog in my set who gets what he wants by the tricks that many of you have used for so long that you have forgotten they are tricks, and when a man doesn't even know he is being dis-



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honest, then I say that Fido is the better gentleman of the two.

It is true my methods and my manners are open to criticism. Both leave much to be desired—particularly method and manner. There is a directness about them, a—er, *force*, which is seldom appreciated by the man against whom they are aimed.

But they are simple, they are effective, and they are SQUARE.

If I see a dog with a bone I want, I fight him for it. I don't sidle up to him and say:

"My dear sir, it distresses me deeply to disturb your enjoyment of this nice juicy bone which I see you have just

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discovered; but I happen to know that it belongs to the big Dane around the corner, and as I came down the street, I saw him headed this way." Then when I have frightened the other dog away from the bone I want, settle down to the enjoyment of it myself. That is not MY way. But it IS the way of a good many of you humans.

My Master, I regret to say, is both a susceptible and a credulous young man, and I tremble to think how many girls he might have married, if the men who wanted *them* or the girls who wanted *him*, had not frightened my Master away in time.

My poor Master has been heartbroken

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so many times over losing the only girl he ever loved that his present health and good spirits are really surprising.

In my next chapter I shall tell you of the first tragedy in his young life caused by one of these tricky humans.

## **CHAPTER IX**

**“POOR GIRL!”**



## CHAPTER IX

“POOR GIRL!”

THE heroine of one of my Master's earliest affairs was different from the other girls, but as this was a peculiarity common to all—while my Master was in love with them—it did not render her less pleasing. Perhaps one of his principal mistakes was in loving such attractive girls. If the girls he loved had possessed fewer charms, his love affairs would have progressed more smoothly.

He was devoted to this girl for *weeks*. At twenty-two a man loves more—in less

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time—than at any other period of his life; not only more girls, but more ardently.

After careful consideration, my Master finally decided that of all the girls he had loved, this one alone could make him happy. Funny, isn't it, a man never spends much time wondering if he is going to make *her* happy. What causes him the most anxiety is, will she make *him* happy?

One afternoon early in May, we started for this girl's house to propose. Though only a puppy at the time, I remember distinctly how sorely he had tried my patience before we started by the number of ties he had tried on and

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the amount of time he had spent on the part in his hair.

On the way there we met the mother of one of my Master's college chums. She was driving and she stopped and insisted upon taking us in. We were both young then and I have no doubt she found it very easy. She said she would drop us where we wanted to go, but this she failed to do, for we started for one girl's house and were dropped at another's. The other girl, I believe, was her niece.

The name of the girl my Master was loving then, if I remember correctly, was Adelia. When my Master spoke of going to see her, I shall never for-



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get how distressed this lady looked.

"Poor girl!" she said and sighed.  
"Poor girl!"

My Master looked surprised and I opened one eye interrogatively.

"Poor girl! Does she seem any better?"

"She has not been ill," replied my Master.

"No, not really ill, you know. But she is so delicate, poor girl. It seems sad to think she cannot live long. She is such a lovely girl."

"What do you mean?" gasped my poor Master, turning pale.

"Oh, don't you know? I thought *everybody* knew, or I should never have

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mentioned it. Please don't press me to say anything more. I was sure you knew or I should never have mentioned it. Poor Adelia!" and she sighed again.

She seemed a kind woman and it appeared to distress her even to think of Adelia. I sighed too. I was of a more sympathetic nature then than I am now.

"I am *so* sorry I said anything. I *hope* you won't mention my name in the matter. People are *so* unkind and so suspicious. I am sure I have only the *kindest* feelings for Adelia, *poor* girl, but one's motives are so often misconstrued."

That was several years ago, and yesterday we saw Adelia on the street. I

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was surprised to see how well she looked, even better than when we knew her. Is it possible that the kind woman could have been mistaken? Adelia didn't see my Master. There was a very good-looking man with her, and she wasn't looking at anyone else. I was surprised to see how hopeful and happy she appeared, poor girl. I wonder if she knows how delicate she is. Someone ought to tell her.

My Master is much too credulous. If he had not been so credulous, he might have married Adelia. But if he had married Adelia, he would not have had the pleasure of loving Adelaide, Angela, Aimee, Bettina, Belinda, Bea-

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trice, Cara, Camellia, Carol, Candida, Diana, Dorinda, Eloise, Eleanor, Felicia, Faith, Fidelia, Gloria, Imogen, Jane, Jacqueline, Olivia, Priscilla, Pacida and Mildred.

Mildred, you know, is the girl he is loving now. I wonder when *her* picture comes down?



## CHAPTER X

SLAM COMMENTS ON THE UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES OF THOSE THINGS WHICH WE LOSE



## CHAPTER X

SLAM COMMENTS ON THE UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES OF THOSE THINGS WHICH WE LOSE

ANOTHER estrangement! Instead of an understanding between these two, it appears to be a misunderstanding.

We never see the Girl any more. I get more sleep, and my Master I think smokes more than is good for him.

Sometimes I see him staring gloomily at the Girl's picture.

How true it is that beauty brightens when we take our flight! A girl never seems so radiantly beautiful to a man



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as she does after he has said good-by to her forever.

The freckle on her chin is no longer visible, only its alluring dimple!

He is no longer conscious of the cast in her eye but thrills with the remembrance of the dreamy warmth of her glance!

He is blind to the fact that her lips are too thin and remembers only how charmingly they can smile!

And her voice! Oh, her voice! Only in the smoke-enshrouded gloom of his bachelor apartment, with the girl lost to him *forever*, does he hear the true heart-reaching, soul-stirring melody of her voice!

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He has forgotten how it sounded when it was haughty or scornful or unkind. He remembers only its caressing tenderness, its wonderful softness and its thrilling joy.

He forgets how unpleasantly it struck his ear when she said, "Of course, I don't *mind* your dancing with other girls, but I can't see why you want to dance with **THAT** girl."

Yes, he has forgotten this, and now as he sits here, lonely and gloomy, thinking of her, he hears her voice, soft and tender and caressing, as it sounded when she said: "Oh, *please* don't be angry with me. You *know* I care." Yes, he remembers it all now—now when it is

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too late. He sees clearly, now that everything is over between them, what a sweet, gentle, forgiving little thing she was, and what a cold, suspicious, jealous **BRUTE** he was.

How often he hurt her feelings! How many unhappy sleepless nights his jealous anger cost her!

And how gentle she always was! How ready to forgive him! How eager to believe in him again!

Yes, now it is **TOO LATE**, he realizes all he has lost. That is the only time, by the way, a man ever fully appreciates a woman—after he has lost her.

How he longs for her! He thrills to

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the remembered touch of her hand in his hair, and sighs at the thought of her kiss!

It is almost impossible for a man to forget a girl who has sent him from her forever. Observation convinces me that the only absolutely sure way to **KEEP** a man's heart is to **GIVE** it back to him.

No man can fail to appreciate the good judgment, the fine discernment and the many eminently desirable qualities of the girl who refuses him—not because he has so mean an opinion of himself, but so exalted an idea of her requirements. How high indeed must be the standards, and what manner of perfect specimen of manhood must that

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girl expect who doesn't want HIM!

I should advise, however, any girl who contemplates a finesse on a heart hand to watch closely her opponent's plays.

It is better for a woman to bore a man a little than to permit some other woman to please him much.

# **CHAPTER XI**

## **CUPID HAS A BAD COLD**



## CHAPTER XI

### CUPID HAS A BAD COLD

It was a lonely, secluded spot on the beach, and when my Master tried to take the Girl's hand, I was surprised to see her draw it away.

"A flirtation," said the Girl, "is like a good play. If the acts are too long, it becomes wearisome. Don't you think it is time to ring down the curtain?"

My Master's dark eyes blazed angrily.

"How can you admit you were only flirting?" he asked.

"Perhaps because mine is a more open



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and ingenuous nature than yours. I can't think of any other reason at present. I don't expect you to admit it. It would be very rude if you did; whereas my doing so, simply gives you your cue to effect a graceful stage exit while you are still in the limelight."

"But you know I don't want to effect an exit, graceful or otherwise. You know I want—"

"The centre of the stage? No, dear boy, it is time for the curtain. See, the rest of the company have left the stage, the people are turning in their seats looking for their wraps, the lights are growing dimmer; quick, let us hurry or we will be left alone in the darkness."



"Do look," cried the girl,  
"at that poor  
forlorn little Cupid!"



## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

"In that case," smiled my Master, "I refuse to hurry."

"And do look," cried the Girl, "at that poor, forlorn little Cupid in the corner! Quick, let us hide him before anyone discovers him! Can't you hear his poor little teeth chatter? And see, he has wrapped himself up in my white scarf—wrapped it tight around his poor little shivering body. Above it, one pink dimpled shoulder bulges in deep creases over the white silk, and below, two fat pink legs stick out straight, just *shaking* with the cold, and his yellow curls are bobbing all over his head with it, and—"

"Be quiet," said my Master, "and

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listen to the way *I* see him. He is lying on his back in the sun. His curls are a burnished gold with its light and his flesh is rosily pink with its warmth. He lies in the sun, his arrows forgotten, relaxed and blissfully content. On his lips is a brooding smile of happiness and his eyes are soft with the magic of unfulfilled dreams. In each hand, he holds a string, heart-strings, *our* heart-strings, dear. He holds one tight in each chubby fist, and all the time he is drawing them closer together. Don't you **FEEL** him **TUGGING** at your heart, dear?"

The Girl looked away and for a mo-

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ment there was silence. Then she spoke:

"I can't help thinking," she said slowly, "how many times he has held your heart-strings in one chubby fist and *some other* girl's in the other."

"I have cared for other girls, dear, a little, perhaps, but not as I love *you*," said my Master softly.

"I would not have minded so much," said the Girl, unheeding, "if the other girls had been the kind of girls I would have wanted for friends; but some of them were—horrid. There was that mean little trickster who broke into society under Alice Van Newland's wing,

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because the report had somehow been started about her that she was the author of one of the biggest books of the year published anonymously. She did everything to encourage the report, and was entertained everywhere because of it, and even when the trick was discovered, a lot of people seemed to think it only a joke and still received her. They couldn't even *see* that it was dishonest. Of course she was very beautiful and one of the girls who rode better and danced better and did everything of that sort better than other girls; but that could not hide the fact that she was tricky and dishonest; and I cannot see any difference between what she did and

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the light-fingered gentleman in the sneakers and black mask who rifles your safe. One stole a name and a reputation and the other stole what is even less valuable. And yet you really cared for that girl?"

"But only while I thought she was what she let us believe."

"But it seems strange," said the Girl, "that we *can* be deceived in people. It would seem as if we would feel, would instinctively know, what they *are*; but we are so often impressed, not by a man's *character*, but by his *personality*. Perhaps it is because the people with the best characters have the least attractive personalities. If one could



## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

look beneath the veil of personality to the true and proper character it hides, how much better it would be for us."

"What is my proper character?" asked my Master.

"You haven't any," laughed the Girl. "Yours is a very IMPROPER one."

## **CHAPTER XII**

### **THE OLD SHOE AND THE LITTLE BRONZE AND GOLD SLIPPER**



## CHAPTER XII

### THE OLD SHOE AND THE LITTLE BRONZE AND GOLD SLIPPER

I AM of an investigating turn of mind myself. I am willing to accept a truth after I have satisfied myself it *is* the truth; but I always want to go on a personally conducted tour of investigation. I believe very little that I hear and see myself; and absolutely nothing that other people hear and see—or tell me that they hear and see. Sometimes there is a difference.

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If a man comes to me with an old shoe and says:

“Here you nice, good, clever doggie you, here is a costly and beautiful slipper I have brought you, richly embroidered and handsomely finished,” I don’t go for the shoe, I go for the man.

But if, on the contrary, some one points out to me a little bronze and gold slipper, and says to me:

“I know no one can deceive *you*. *You* can tell this is nothing but an old shoe. Go chew it up. That’s a good dog.”

Then I take the little bronze and gold slipper in my mouth, and I carry it to a

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

bright patch of sunlight. Here I lay it down and study it carefully. I sniff it and I pat it and I push it around. I sniff its little bronze toe, and I worry its gold rosette. I take it between my teeth and I click its absurd little French heel up and down on the floor. Then after I have satisfied *myself* that it is all it purports to be, just a little bronze and gold slipper, fragrant with violets, and made for dancing its way, but lightly and not to their hurt, over the hearts of men, I pick it up gently and carry it back carefully to where I found it.

My Master shook his head over these notes and insists upon my explaining

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that I was speaking metaphorically. So I was, to be sure. There is no little bronze and gold slipper *here*; only rows of ugly big black boots.

If my Master had not been peculiarly unfortunate in meeting an unusual number of liars, he would not perhaps have loved an unusual number of girls. I don't mean that the girls were liars. Dear me, no! Bless their dear little hearts! A girl never trifles with the truth any more than she trifles with a man's affections—not a bit more.

The course of true love in my Master's next affair was rudely disturbed by the throwing of so large a stone by so unfriendly a hand, that for

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some time its waters were rough and turbulent.

“Charming girl that Miss Blank,” said a man to my Master one day, referring to the girl my Master was loving then. “But don’t lose your heart there, old man.”

“Why not?” asked my Master stiffly.

“Well, I hate to speak of it, old man, and I hope you won’t feel cut up about it, but to tell the truth, the girl has been secretly married for the last five years. Very few people know it. I believe she ran away when she was a schoolgirl and married some worthless scamp who treated her very badly and deserted her soon after. She returned home; the af-



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fair was hushed up and most people believed she had been away on a visit."

My Master looked white and angry, but said nothing.

"I hope you won't mention my name in the matter, old chap. I suppose I ought to have kept out of it, but I felt that you should know. I daresay you will hate me for it. One never gets any thanks for this sort of thing, but it didn't seem right to let matters run on as they were."

He seemed to be a nice man, but for some reason I could not explain, I did not like him. Though the most frolicsome of puppies at the time, I treated him with a cold politeness, and when my

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

Master ordered me to shake hands with him, gave my paw with averted gaze. I did not feel the slightest inclination to leap upon him, give him a few playful bites, or invite him for a walk, as I do with most of my Master's friends.

We did not call upon the Girl that evening, nor for many evenings after that. Indeed this sad piece of news caused a long period of gloom in our lives, lasting for nearly six weeks.

But my Master never doubted the truth of the report. You can imagine therefore our surprise when, one June afternoon at a garden party, we blundered into a summer-house in time to hear this man begging the girl to

## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

marry him. It seemed so strange to hear a man ardently imploring a married woman to become his wife, that for a moment my Master and I stood there, dazed. The Girl said "No," very decidedly, indeed almost scornfully, as if he had already been too insistent. Then the man caught her in his arms and tried to kiss her. To my delight my Master knocked him down and before he had time to rise, I had my teeth in his coat-sleeve and was pinning him down with both paws on his chest.

## CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH SLAM KEEPS A BAD MAN  
DOWN



## CHAPTER XIII

### IN WHICH SLAM KEEPS A BAD MAN DOWN

MY MASTER and the girl went away then and forgot all about us. My presence seemed to irritate the man very much. It is true I was only a puppy at the time and could not possibly have hurt him; but I could growl just as dangerously then as I can now, and as I was very large for my size, the man never suspected how harmless I really was.

Every time he tried to get up, I growled and took a deeper hold on his

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sleeve, upon which he lay down again with such haste that it surprised even me, accustomed as I am to having my wishes treated with respect.

A great many of the guests came to the door of the summer-house and looked at us. They seemed to be kindly, sympathetic people, and they all told the man how distressed they were. Everyone left very suddenly, saying they would go and get someone. And they did, for people kept coming all afternoon. They made a great many suggestions and explained to the man just what he should do, but their presence seemed to annoy him almost as much as mine did.

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I waited anxiously for my Master to come. It seemed strange no one told him. I knew he was trying to decide just how the man should be punished. At last, after everyone else had been there, some of them two and three times, my Master and the girl appeared. They looked at me and smiled. Then they looked at the man and smiled. After that they looked at each other and smiled. Then they walked away.

They were pleasant smiles and I returned them cheerfully myself, but I never knew anyone to be so irritated by a smile as this man. After they had gone, the man talked. He talked the way my Master does when he is dressing in a



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hurry and has split his last pair of gloves or lost his shirt-studs. He talked a long time. He was an eloquent man and his command of the English language, that part of the English language especially adapted for emergency use, was really wonderful.

The hours passed. I waited patiently. Twilight came. Then darkness. Little twinkling lights suddenly flashed out all over the grounds, shining through the shadowy green of the shrubbery. Many of the guests appeared to be leaving, but others were arriving all the time. There was a great deal of laughter and they all appeared to be unusually merry over something. For a



"Then other guests  
came and looked  
at us"



## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

long time I heard a girl's voice at the telephone. She called so many numbers that I thought she was playing some kind of a game. Perhaps she was.

Then someone came and hung a long string of lights around the summer-house. They made it the most brilliant spot on the ground. I felt very much pleased by the attention, but the man did not seem to enjoy it so much. More of the guests came and looked at us. The man talked some more. He seemed to be excited about something.

I grew very tired and very hungry, but as my Master had not called me off, I knew he wished me to remain.

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Finally I heard his voice calling me. I rose somewhat wearily, but looked as cheerful as I could. I watched eagerly to see what my Master would do to the man. To my disappointment he did nothing—nothing but talk to him. The methods of these humans at times seem so tame and ineffective compared to ours.

“I think you and I are quits,” said my Master shortly. “If one puppy came near spoiling my happiness, another has been your finish. I don’t think there is anyone in this town you know who has not seen you this afternoon. I have learned I am not the only one to whom you have told your dastardly lies, nor is

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Miss Blank the only girl about whom you have lied. That she did not marry a worthless scamp, however, is no fault of yours."

"You'll pay for this," gasped the man, and he threw his glove in my Master's face. "I'll send my second to you to-morrow."

But my Master only kicked his glove out of the way.

"It will be useless," he said coldly. "I only fight gentlemen."

"So you are a coward," sneered the man.

"My reputation for bravery, I am glad to say, does not rest upon the word of a coward," and smiling at me, my

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Master turned on his heel and walked away.

“I am proud of you, my boy,” he said to me. “You did nobly. Come and be thanked.”

I found nearly all of the guests waiting for us in a group on the lawn. They all crowded around us, asking questions and laughing a great deal. I shook hands gravely with a great many people, but as the women were all talking at once—as women do, you know—it was difficult for me to grasp the situation as clearly as I had earlier in the afternoon.

## **CHAPTER XIV**

### **SLAM CHASES A FEW CATS**





## CHAPTER XIV

### SLAM CHASES A FEW CATS

I WILL not deny that I dislike cats. I have always disliked them. I never see one without at once becoming animated, strongly animated, by the desire to make her feel my disapprobation.

This, however, is a pleasure I seldom have. That I miss one of the chief joys of life is due partly to my Master and partly to the cat. When my Master is not on the scene, I am frequently foiled by the cat.

As soon as I see a cat, I go for her.

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The trouble is the cat goes too, and while no more swiftly than I am able to follow, she is so sly, so furtive, so tricky in her methods, has such a way of squirming through hedges, dodging kicks, squeezing through tight places, getting out of corners and climbing trees, that an honest, well-bred dog who pursues a straightforward course and fights in the open, is no match for her.

My aversion to cats arises from my intuitive perception of their general untrustworthiness, and—er, cattiness. Their dislike for me proceeds, of course, from their instinct which tells them I have found them out and they had better beware. They can't deceive *me*

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with their soft ways. I know them.

A cat never purrs from a sense of gratitude, but because she has had all the cream she wants, and is feeling sleepy and comfortable. But a dog greets his master with the same eager demonstrations of affection regardless of the state of the larder.

When a cat rubs her head against your legs and looks up in your face with her soft, limpid eyes, you think as you gently stroke her fur, "You dear affectionate pussy, you, how you do love me to be sure." But the cat is thinking:

"You appear to be a pretty prosperous member of society. A nice warm

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home you have here; there is always a good fire, a soft rug to lie on and plenty of cream to drink. Business still prospering? Everything all right? You don't seem worried. I guess you are good for three square meals of cream every day for some time to come. Still I must keep my eyes open, for at the first sign of adversity, I must make arrangements for another home."

That is not *our* way. *We* are never deserters. I would love my Master just as much in a tenement as in his handsome bachelor apartments. It will never make any difference to me what my Master does or what he is. Let his crime be what it may; let all the world

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turn from him, I'll stick by him to the end.

He is my Master and my Master can do no wrong. Just show me the man who says he can. No, a dog is not a bone-and-bed friend. He is a friend through all things and for all time.

Is my Master poor?

Then I'll gnaw in content the old bone he gives me, and count it sweeter than the juiciest cutlet of my more prosperous days.

I'll wear cheerfully my old leather collar, glad to be shabby since my Master's coat is worn and threadbare.

Is my Master in trouble? Is his proud head bowed low because the

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world has misjudged and accused him?

Then I'll show my teeth to the world  
and count my enemy every man who is  
not my Master's friend.

Is my Master lonely? Is he sad?

Then I'll stay close by his side, and do  
all a faithful, loving dog can do to  
cheer him up. I'll rub my head against  
his knee; I'll poke my nose in his hand;  
I'll bark a word or two of sympathy,  
until he turns from his unhappy  
thoughts to me. And when he has  
noticed me, I'll leap upon him, I'll put  
my paws upon his shoulders, and bark  
louder than ever.

"Come on, old chap," I'll say. "Let's  
go for a walk. With the wind in our

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faces, the sun overhead and a free road before us, who can want more? Yes, I know things are pretty bad. But look at *me*. I'm a bit thin perhaps; my collar is worn and shabby; a disgrace to be sure; but *I'm* all right. I'm still a sport. My smile is as broad as ever; my bark as loud, and I can chase a cat with all my old vim and zest. The world can't pity *me*. No man can say I am down and out. Then can't you do as well as your dog, my Master? Aren't you a thoroughbred too? Come on, old chap. The world is all before us. What we have done, we can do again. All we have been, we yet can be, and more. Don't mind those yellow curs yelping at



## A NEGLECTED BULL DOG

your heels. *I'll* chase 'em away. Come on, my Master, and let's show 'em how a thoroughbred can lose—and win again."

## **CHAPTER XV**

**MRS. TOYM AND MISS TABBY**



## CHAPTER XV

### MRS. TOYM AND MISS TABBY

THERE are two cats, however, I am not permitted to annoy in any way. Both are staying in the house, the guests of my Master's small sister. They are Miss Tabby and Mrs. Toym. I always ignore them. There is nothing I find which irritates a woman more.

Miss Tabby has a sleek gray coat, a cold blue eye, and is very thin and active. She is always bustling around about nothing. In this respect, she reminds me of the one kitten Mrs. Toym

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was permitted to keep. The kitten is a small ball of white fluff, and when she is not frantically chasing her tail in one direction, she is madly pursuing it in the other.

There are a great many humans like this. They select a certain prize in life, which they consider themselves peculiarly gifted to win, and circle breathlessly around it in a whirl of ceaseless activity until, failing to catch it, they conclude that not that, but another talent must be theirs, and hitching their wagons to a more distant star, are whirled just as breathlessly and unavailingly in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Toym is large and white and

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plump. She has an imposing carriage, a slow and stately walk, and a somewhat disdainful expression.

This morning I went into the library to wait for my Master, and found them there. I stalked over to the window where I lay down; but I kept an eye on them, while I growled a bit and showed my teeth. They know, however, I am not permitted to touch them, so I miss even the mild excitement of frightening them.

“Have you heard the news?” asked Miss Tabby, briskly, pausing in the act of smoothing her front hair, and looking at Mrs. Toym from under her suspended paw.

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Mrs. Toym blinked at her sleepily from the Morris chair where she lay curled up in a big white ball.

“Last week that handsome Mr. Thompson who belongs to the rich old woman who lives across the street, brought Malty Feline three fat white mice which were highly prized by the old lady’s grandson. They say Mr. Thompson has his own valet, attending physician, and never wears the same ribbon twice,” continued Miss Tabby, with all the more enjoyment because she knew she was imparting unwelcome news.

Mrs. Toym sat up, her usually placid

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face furrowed by a look of honest indignation.

“Where did that insignificant little Malty Feline meet him?” she asked, her fur standing up as if it had been rubbed the wrong way.

“Well, Mr. Thompson goes driving with the old lady every day at three o’clock. He always sits by the window and wears a big bow of lavender or purple ribbon. So about that time, Malty comes out on the front steps, and when they drive by, she raises her head and gives him one of those helpless, kittenish looks of hers. You know how she does it, dear.”



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“Of course, my dear,” replied Mrs. Toym, who has tried in vain to teach the trick to her own kitten. “Perfectly shameless, I call it. She is an outrageous little flirt.”

“Mr. Thompson never noticed her at first, but you know what men are, my dear,” and Miss Tabby dabbed viciously at her left ear. “Sometimes I think they are too lazy to court the women they want and so allow themselves to be snapped up by the women who want them, and are as bold as this designing little Maltie Feline.”

“She isn’t so young, either, for all her kittenish ways,” snapped Mrs. Toym spitefully. “She came out before my

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dear girl had her eyes open. But Kitty cares nothing for society. I am afraid the poor dear will never marry."

"I heard someone else express the same opinion," observed Miss Tabby, with a malicious smile.

"Some jealous old cat, of course," sniffed Mrs. Toym. "Who was it?"

"Well, you know, dear, I never like to repeat anything unpleasant, but since you *insist*, Miss Sly Puss said to me the other day, 'I don't believe we will ever eat any of Kitty Toym's wedding cake.' Of course, dear, I was most indignant, and asked her what she meant. She shrugged her back and replied, 'The reason is plain.' 'And what *is* the reason?'

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I demanded, and the horrid little creature smiled as she said, 'Kitty.' "

Mrs. Toym rose slowly, her back in the air. One long velvety white paw shot out and fastened itself in Miss Tabby's back hair. Miss Tabby promptly dug *her* claws in Mrs. Toym's plump back. Now I dislike very much to see a row in which I cannot be a participant. So I got up and looked out of the window.

"There is Tommy Thompson now out in Malty Feline's front yard," I growled.

Both ladies rushed to the window.

"Kitty, my child," cried Mrs. Toym excitedly, "you have not had any fresh

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air to-day. Go out on the front steps a little while. Doesn't that pale blue bow look sweet on her white fur? There, run along, my child, and if Tommy looks at you, remember to drop your eyes, and don't raise them above Tommy's whiskers."



## CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH SLAM PUTS HIS PAWS  
THROUGH THE TENDER FABRIC OF A  
DREAM AND DEMOLISHES A CASTLE IN  
SPAIN



## CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH SLAM PUTS HIS PAWS  
THROUGH THE TENDER FABRIC OF A  
DREAM AND DEMOLISHES A CASTLE IN  
SPAIN

I DON'T care for dreams myself. A dream never brings you anything but a disappointment. It is not the man who *dreams* who gets what he wants, but the man who *does*. It is not the man who sends a girl thought waves who wins her, but the man who sends her violets.

It is not the man who dreams about Priscilla's beauty who gains that young



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woman's regard, but the man who *tells* her about it. While the dreamer is lying on his back in the sun comparing Priscilla's eyes to the blue dome above him, or her hair to the gold of the butterfly's wing, the man who does is lying too—but he is whispering *his* lies in Priscilla's pink ear.

He doesn't beg the little brown thrush to "go tell her that he loves her so." He orders a taxi and goes and tells her himself. The little brown thrush *may* wing his way straight to Priscilla's window, and in a burst of tender melody tell her that he loves her. But the little brown thrush doesn't go into such prosaic details as the man's name and ad-

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dress; and while less poetic a medium, the telephone and the messenger boy are more reliable.

It is quite possible the little brown thrush may turn Priscilla's thoughts to love, but it is by no means sure they will turn to *him*. And there is not much satisfaction in making a girl dream, if you make her dream of another man.

It is not the man who gazes sentimentally on Priscilla's face smiling down at him through the smoke rings of his cigar, and dreams of the time when he shall be rich enough and famous enough to ask her to marry him, who leads her to the altar, but the man who has no time for dreams; the man who goes out into

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the world and hustles what he can out of it, and then does Priscilla the honor to ask her to work with him for the rest.

For it is an honor to believe that a girl is big enough to care only for the man and not at all for what he brings her. There are not many men, however, who seem to have this much faith in a girl. Most men expect their dogs to stick by them through poverty and misfortune, but when it comes to the ladies they love, they always appear a little doubtful.

Most dreamers are poets and all poets are dreamers. But while the poet's thoughts of Priscilla may be more beautiful than the spoken words of the man who does, they cannot be expected to

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make much impression if Priscilla never hears them. And Priscilla seldom does hear them in time, for while the poet is hunting for rhymes, the other man is telephoning for theatre tickets and a cab.

While the poet is struggling with rhythm and metre to tell Priscilla that he loves her as no other poet has ever said it before, the man who does, who is thinking only of Priscilla's answer and not at all of what he says, has stammered or stuttered or gasped or choked out the three words necessary to win the girl he wants, and the Dreamer wakes up in time to be one of the wedding-guests.

Neither is it the man who dreams of

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the great artist he is *going* to be, whose picture is hung on the line, but the chap who rolls up his sleeves and gets to work *now*.

Nor is it the man who dreams of the big book he'll write "*some day*," whose fame lives after him, but the man who writes it *now*.

The people who build nothing but castles in Spain continue to live in the hall-rooms of third-rate lodging-houses.

Now I ask you, as an intelligent bulldog who seeks only the truth (and if I barked under the wrong tree at first, I must not be blamed for changing my course) what good has a castle in Spain ever done anyone?

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If its conception gave the architect happiness, then the contemplation of its ruins must have cost him greater pain. If he loved the Dream Girl in the castle in Spain and was happy while loving her, when the dream had passed and he waked once more to his lonely, loveless life, surely, he must have found it harder to endure than before.

No, a dream doesn't appeal to *me*. Perhaps as I lie before the fire with one eye closed and the other fixed sentimentally on its glowing coals, I may look as if I were dreaming, but I am only thinking of the bone I have just hidden, or watching for the first sign on my Master's part of going for a walk.

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My philosophy is a simple one but I have always found it very satisfactory. I never regret the bones I *might* have had nor dream about the ones I *may* have. If I see a bone I want, I don't *dream* about it. I *go* for it.

No dreams for *me*. A dream is as uncertain and as treacherous as a cat. Just as its velvet paws have stroked you to sleep, and you are enjoying the radiant visions it gives you, then its sharp claws give you a nasty scratch on the cheek, and wake you to a reality very different, for few facts can compare with the splendors of a dream.

A girl never marries the man she dreams about—for there aren't any men

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like that. And if a man waited until he met the Ideal of *his* dreams, well, there would be fewer divorces.





## **CHAPTER XVII**

**HE SUGGESTS A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE  
IN DREAMS**



## CHAPTER XVII

### HE SUGGESTS A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN DREAMS

AFTER a quarrel with the Girl, my Master sometimes dreams about her over his after-dinner cigar, but if it were not for the telephone or the florist or the letter-box on the corner, that quarrel would never be made up.

What a good idea it would be if in every dream there were a telepathic telephone, and Central were charged with the duty of waking up the people who dreamed too long.

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Suppose the chap who is lying on his back in the sun, dreaming about Priscilla, suddenly hears a sharp, decisive voice, calling:

"I say, wake up there. Quit dreaming and get busy if you want that girl. While you are wasting your time dreaming about her here, Priscilla is out on the lake with that good-looking man from Virginia. You know what Virginia men are when it comes to a ten strike with the girls. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to be around somewhere when they get back. I can't see what good you are doing *here*."

And how much better it would be for him, and *perhaps* for the girl, if the man



Another  
Estrangement.



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who was dreaming of Priscilla's face through the smoke wreaths, and *wishing* for a fortune, were waked with the words:

“Perhaps you haven't much money now, but how do you know if you wait until you make a fortune that you can get the girl—the girl you want? There are not many men who can win a fortune and a girl at the same time. Both require careful handling and both may slip through your fingers at the last moment unless they are watched. And it is difficult to keep one eye on the money and the other on the girl. Why not make sure of the girl first? A fortune will always be in the world to seek; the



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girl may not be. All dollars look alike, but all girls do NOT. The girl may help you win the dollars but the dollars can't help you win the girl—that is, the right sort of girl. Now I happen to know while you are *dreaming* about that girl, another man is *making love* to her, and of the two methods, experience has taught me the latter is the more effective. Take my advice and try it."

And how it would rouse him if in the ears of the man who is dreaming about the big things he is going to do some day, there sounded the sharp little tinkle of the telepathic telephone and a voice called:

"Wake up there. Wake up. *Now* is

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the time to write that book. *Now* is the time to paint that picture. You have no time for dreams. Life is too short for reflection. Get up and *do*. The fruits of dreams are tears and the result of reflection is a teased and tortured brain, weary with the problems it cannot solve and jaded for the work it must do. What *you* need are a few good times, a few good comrades, a love affair or two, and lots of hard work." That's the way *I'd* talk to those dreamer chaps.



## **CHAPTER XVIII**

### **SLAM POINTS OUT THE DANGERS OF MOONLIGHT**

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### SLAM POINTS OUT THE DANGERS OF MOONLIGHT

MY MASTER and I sat in a corner of the Girl's piazza for three hours last evening. The Girl was there too. So was the Moon. It was a full moon and very becoming to the Girl.

She wore some kind of a filmy, puffy white gown, the sort of a gown that an honest, well-meaning dog is always catching his paws in or tickling his nose with when he tries to be a little playful. With the silver rays of the moon falling

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on her bare neck and arms and her face like a pink rose swaying above a slender marble vase, she made a picture I wouldn't have missed for a tin of dog biscuits.

A little moonlight is the most becoming thing a girl can wear. What a pity it is the girls cannot bottle a large supply each summer and put it away for the winter. What a sensation a pretty girl would make as she sat in the front of her darkened opera-box in a rose-colored gown with a ray of moonlight falling gracefully over her left shoulder, or shining softly in her dark hair! How much more becoming it would be than the most costly jewel! Some day, per-

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haps, these clever humans, who seem to be able to do almost anything, may give us manufactured moonlight; and in the windows of our big shops we may see displayed a number of slender-necked bottles or dainty jeweled boxes, bearing inscriptions like this:

“Berkshire moonlight. Finest quality. Easily adjusted and guaranteed to wear.” Or “Twenty rays of Virginia moonlight. Bottled at the Springs. No other brand of moonlight equals this. Every ray equal to at least one proposal.”

And among the imported brands, we may see the following:

“Parisian moonlight. Most exclusive



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styles in rays." Or perhaps, "Moonbeams from Venice. The moonlight of sentiment and romance. Guaranteed to make the homeliest face beautiful."

The ladies I am sure would find it much more effective than cosmetics in hiding wrinkles or imparting to the face that youthful bloom so eagerly sought, but alas! so seldom found. (N. B. If any enterprising inventor or manufacturer can make these suggestions practical, he is welcome to the idea.)

Yes, a little moonlight is a dangerous thing. A little moonlight and a little girl are more dangerous; and a little moonlight and a little widow—but that is a combination no sane man will risk.

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A little moonlight has been known to cause the most seasoned ball-room hero to come a cropper. The best brand of moonlight is guaranteed to make almost any girl appear the Ideal Woman. A few rays of moonlight properly focused upon a girl will soften the hardest masculine heart; and if in addition to the moonlight there are added the soft swish of waves on a silver shore, a sweet voice and a helpless, appealing manner, there is very little hope for the man in the picture. Under the above condition his only safety lies in immediate flight. My Master, however, doesn't seem to want to get away. Even moonlight can't make *his* condition much worse.

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We sat there for three mortal hours. The Girl smiled and my Master sighed; or the Girl sighed and my Master kissed her. Now that was a *nice* way to spend an evening, wasn't it? I slept most of the time, but whenever I woke up I heard something like this: "Please, Mildred." "Don't, Jack." Sometimes it would be "Don't, Jack," and "Please, Mildred." That was a brilliant conversation for a bulldog of my intelligence to listen to, now wasn't it?

Then there would be silence, a long, soft, deep silence, broken only by the snores of the fat French poodle who belongs to the old lady who always plants her chair near the dark corners of the

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piazza and who was rocking placidly a few feet away; or they might have been the snores of the old lady who belongs to the fat French poodle. It is impossible to say as they were both asleep.

“Jack,” said the Girl in a queer, muffled voice, which, upon opening one eye, I discovered was caused by the singular fact of her attempting to talk through my Master’s collar, “Jack, you won’t let that hateful woman come between us?”

“Never, my darling! No one can come between us,” said my Master firmly. From what I could see I agreed with him. You could not have put so much as a ray of moonlight between them.

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“But Jack, I *know* she is going to try. She just hates me and she will never rest until she makes you hate me too. Promise me you will never hate me, Jack?”

“I promise, my darling,” returned my Master courageously.

“She is so mean. Do you remember, Jack, when I was trying to run down a career alone in that big city, but with plenty of time for some fun too, how she told ever so many people that I didn’t care to meet anyone; that I refused all invitations, and would allow nothing to interfere with my work? And I was so lonely and so blue that I cried half the time, which interfered seriously with my work. Why *months* and *months* went

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by without *one* man telling me he loved me. The first few weeks I couldn't get used to it. It made life seem so strange and so unnatural."

"It wasn't half so mean, though, as when she told me you had refused to meet *me*," laughed my Master.

"She told me the same thing of you. First she asked me if she might present you, and then a few days later she came to me apparently very much embarrassed and without saying so in so many words, gave me to understand that you didn't care to meet me. After that I used to pretend I didn't see you when we passed, but sometimes I just couldn't help glaring at you."

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“Well, she can’t make us believe anything now,” said my Master as he kissed the Girl again, which seemed a little unnecessary, considering the number of times he had kissed her.

“I don’t know,” said the Girl a little anxiously. “She is so clever. Sometimes I fear she will make you hate me yet, if she doesn’t succeed in marrying you herself. Promise me now, Jack, that if at any time she does try to make you believe I like someone else better, or that I have said something unkind of you, or done something of which you would not approve, that you will *know* it isn’t true, won’t you, Jack?”

“Why, of course, you foolish little

## NEGLECTED BULL DOG

girl," and my Master kissed her again.  
(N.B. All lovers please take note.  
When in doubt, kiss the girl.)

It seemed to me he was safe in promising this, judging from—er—well, her *attitude*, but I wonder, I wonder, if he kept that promise?













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